New-Years Gift

FOR THE

RENEGADO

And *HANSEL* to his

WHIPER.

——Dux Fœmina facti:

Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina Mævi,
Atque idem jungat vulpes & mulgeat hircos.

The Quarrel is 'mong Authors of base Lines,
Shame fall the Winner, shame fall him that Tines.

Printed in the Year 1705.

A

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Virg.

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A New-Years Gift, &c.

APOLLO was you in a Lethargie,
So fast asleep, that you inspir'd not me,
Made of the Stuff that's only fit to shew,
What Great things you by little Means can do.
Ere now? that I might have reveng'd the wrong,
Unjustly you throw'd, and Lengthn'd too long.

SAY Satyr now, for lo he does arise,
Fools to Upbraid, and to Applaud the *Wise*;
And maketh choise of thee to Carp at Crimes,
Such Fools as you commit in such like Rimes.

WHEN *Fortune Fools* forsake, (for truely she
Seldom's the Guest of those that W——rs be)
They raging Curse, the second Cause's that
They sadly would have call'd their cruel Fate,
Some Curse their *Planet*, some their *Country* blame,
Some say the *Laws* are hard, and fain would name
Injustice done them, tho perhaps what's done
Was *Law* nor *Justice*; yet the Fault's their own.
Mischances, *Fate*, and ill dispensed *Laws*
They boldly plead, tho truely *Sin* the *Cause*.

Thus TELOS by vain Venery undone,
Had no Remeid left him, but to Lampoon
All Women for one W——r's sake, whom he Wed,
Who since, (he says,) has *Englify'd* his Bed.

SATYR allow, that he injur'd the Fair,
And Chaster part the Sex's lesser share,
What then! What mov'd a Run-away for Treason
To plead their Cause, in neither Ryme nor Reason.
Officious sure he was: For certainlie,
Who want the Vices, of the Shame is free.

So

So that the Innocent wou'd never choise
As a Defence, *Hypocrisie* and *Noise*.
And those that wou'd a Poet hire by Joy,
Wou'd such a Bugbear as him ne're Employ.
Was't Conscience then? *Religion he's as much*
As might convert the English *or confound the* Dutch;
Or was't a Subject fit, as he suppos'd,
To spew the Wit in him *Defoe* had hoo'd?
Nay, it's t'oblige those who do now caress him,
To know them think on 49 and guess them,
Who really do deserve a touch from thee,
Were't not that they thy friends intend to be;
And since the World's turning upside down,
See thou stand straight *however falls the C——n.*

YET Satyre fear not to correct the Sot,
For tho they use him, yet they love him not.
So you'll see as he sits up in Sedition;
The W——s forsake him as an old Edition;
For altho Traitors for a space succeed,
As for a season flourisheth the Weed,
To tast of which is poysonous, as what
Is squeez'd from the dull brain of this dull Brat,
Whose eyes are as a Sign-post to declare
Him to be B——t's Tool and *Judas* Heir,
Who apeing Rogues like *T——n* and *Defoe*
Wou'd needs writ legion addresses, sense or no;
Which scourg'd him here where he's been truely whipt,
And better wou'd, if he'd not silence kept?

TELL him his Poems stinketh (for his Crimes,
Tho nothing else) wou'd make men hate his Rimes,
Such Bumbast stuff as well becomes the man,
For *Homer's* never do more than they can;
Since the learn'd Crew, whom he does strive to please,
Are pleas'd therewith, then Satyre be at ease:
Satyre if this cannot his foul mouth stop,
Tell him that the next *Antidot's* a *Rope*.

F U N I S.

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